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**Clean girl**  
by John Johnson

Saw her walking down my street  
I was surprised, you know  
Had feelings that were really pretty deep  
And I didn't want to let her go

There she was at the slam  
I was on beer, one, two, three, four  
Asked if I could see her again  
And she said OK but looked kinda bored

*chorus*

Some places seem  
Like you've already been  
She was a dirty girl  
But she looked so clean

My phone lit up as I paid the fare  
I didn't make it in time  
Called the number, nobody there  
Figured that's a pretty bad sign

Saw her again crossing the park  
Where the bushes are waist high  
I tripped and fell right at her feet  
She looked down and said "Hi"

*chorus*

Some places seem  
Like you've already been  
She was a nice girl  
Who could be so mean

Her hair was blond, red and green  
And her nails were black  
I could never see her eyes  
But I always recognized her from the back

Then I never saw her again  
Summer come and gone  
Sometimes you wait in a long line  
And don't remember what ride you were on

*chorus*

Some places seem  
Like you've already been  
She was an odd girl  
Who was not what she seemed